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WHIST REVELATIONS.

THE constitution of our town suffers six months of the year from fever, and the other six from collapse. In the summer-time, our inns are filled to bursting; our private houses broken into by parties desperate after lodgings; the prices of everything are quadrupled; our best meat, our thickest cream, our freshest fish, are reserved for strangers; our letters, delivered three hours after time, have been opened and read by banditti assuming our own title; ladies of quality, loaded with tracts, fusillade us; savage and bearded foreigners harass us with brazen wind-instruments; coaches run frantically towards us from every point of the compass; a great steam-monster ploughs our lake, and disgorges multitudes upon the pier; the excursion-trains bring thousands of curious vulgar, who mistake us for the authoress next door, and compel us to forge her autograph; the donkeys in our streets increase and multiply a hundredfold, tottering under the weight of enormous females visiting our water-falls from morn to eve; our hills are darkened by swarms of tourists; we are ruthlessly eyed by painters, and brought into foregrounds and backgrounds, as 'warm tints' or 'bits of repose'; our lawns are picknicked upon by twenty at a time, and our trees branded with initial letters; creatures with introductions come to us, and can't be got away; we have to lionise poor, stupid, and ill-looking people for weeks, without past, present, or future recompense; Sunday is a day of rest least of all, and strange clergymen preach charity-sermons every week with a perfect kaleidoscope of religious views.

The fever lasts from May until October.

When it is over, horses are turned out to grass, and inn-servants are disbanded; houses seem all too big for us; the hissing fiend is 'laid' upon the lake; the coaches and cars are on their backs in outhouses, with their wheels upwards; the trees get bare, the rain begins to fall, grass grows in the street, and Haukside collapses.

Our collapse lasts generally from November to May. During this interval, we residents venture to call upon each other. Barouches and chariots we have none, but chiefly shandrydans and buggies; we are stately and solemn in our hospitalities, and retain fashions amongst us that are far from new; we have evening-parties very often, and at every party—whist! Not that it is our sole profession, not that it is our only amusement: it is simply an eternal and unalterable custom—whist! We have no clubs to force it into vigour; the production is indigenous and natural to the place. It is the attainment of all who have reached years of maturity; the dignity of the aged, and the ambition of the young; a little whirling in the dance, a little

leaning over the piano, a little attachment to the supper-table, a little flirting on both sides—all this is at Haukside as elsewhere; but the end, the bourn to which male and female alike tend at last after experiencing the vanity of all things else, and from which none ever return, is—the whist-table.

The programme of it all is this—we are asked 'in a friendly way,' to tea at seven punctually, at Mrs A's or B's. We come through the rain—it always rains—in the shandrydans (arks upon wheels), or in close cars, like bathing-machines. Parish-clerk at the door, gravely yet domestically introduces us; small room, with large fire, large piano, large pictures, and excessively small chairs. There are assembled a great number of young ladies, nearly arrived at whisthood, and a very few young gentlemen; these last, too, are hopeless as regards the matrimonial matter; they have stood siege for years at Haukside, and it is well known, have too much discretion to surrender now. The atmosphere is warm even before the urn comes. Three cups of tea have to be taken, and a barrow of heaped-up muffins consumed by each before any diversion is effected. Ladies aforesaid sitting round the walls of the apartment as in the catacombs, and hopeless bachelors doing meaningless civilities; at last our detachment of nine players adjourn to the business of the evening.

Ah, beautiful and solemn sight! four kindred souls at their first winter rubber. I am out at present, but waiting to 'cut in,' and not as yet sufficiently impatient to mar the harmony of the picture. Let us observe together the philosophic and meaning spectacle.

A little conversation of a stately sort, while the cards are being dealt, about the game in March last, which was clearly lost by the finesse in clubs; but immediately that the trump-card is turned, a sublime silence, broken only by the last shuffle of the unused pack, and by the sorting of the remaining hands. I will introduce to your favourable notice the four players (if you have any question to put, speak, if you please, as softly as possible): ladies first. This one with her back to us, with the feather in her hair—which, by the by, I remember to have been white and blue before it assumed its present pink appearance, and can swear to it by the mend in the middle—is Miss Moffat. She is the best player, to my thinking, though some prefer the doctor, in all Haukside. She has a wonderful memory, and tremendous luck! Observe her lots of trumps, and her pictured cards; she never sorts her hand, omitting this upon principle. 'When we sort,' she says, 'we are too apt to alter the position of our suits when one is exhausted, and by that means instruct our adversaries.' On her right is Miss Euphemia Moffat, commonly called Miss Femmy, who plays

almost as well, but runs great risks with ace and ten; she is at this moment pretending to look happy, in order to deceive, but she has only one good suit in diamond—'a smiling villain,' if it were not that she is a lady. Mr Odin, the partner of Miss Moffat the elder, is a new and untried addition to our squares at Haukside; he has just settled in our neighbourhood, and holds his hand down: Miss Femmy has a sharp eye.

'Hand up, partner,' says Miss Moffat sharply; 'my sister's looking at it!'

Mr Odin blushes, catches it up hastily, and drops a card face upwards upon the table, which, it being his turn to lead, Miss Femmy instantly 'calls.' Her partner, the fourth player, is, or was thirty years since, Captain Fronde of the 101st, King's Own, a kindly officer, who plays a steady game; observe the grace with which he will deliver the smallest card, with a delicate skimming motion, as though he were cutting brawn. He mildly suggests that Mr Odin may be excused his carelessness and its penalty; but Miss Moffat herself—who is as much for 'the rigour of the game' as Sarah Battle—disdains the obligation, and remarks that 'We are not children;' which we certainly are not. The offender is the youngest of the present party, and his head is as shiny and hairless as the knob in the centre of our street-door. The characters of all Haukside may be decided by the manner in which they play at whist. For instance, in poor Mr Odin's case, his appealing look to his partner when in doubt (and, as a general rule, he is always in doubt); his forced and painful smile at his own depravity in holding nothing above a knave; his ill-concealed astonishment when he has won a trick; the hover and uncertainty of his fingers over all the suits when it is his turn to lead, declare to us at once indecision, dependence, and (particularly in his mode of shuffling, thrusting half the cards perpendicularly and slowly into the other half) imbecility.

Look at Miss Femmy's finesse there of king; nine! Her cards sorted a full minute before her neighbours; her everlasting perseverance in 'ace, king, and a little one;' her swift, impatient play; her bitings of the lip, and fretful frowns; and who can doubt her hopeful and fanatic character, her 'speckled enthusiasm?'

Mark, again, the wariness and caution of her sister, in that mistrust of her partner, and in the leading out of all the trumps at once, to make a certainty of her long suit; serene wisdom sitting impassive on her brow. Only once, when Mr Odin pertinaciously refuses to return trumps, and gets his ace of spades into difficulties, you will observe a shadow cross it. How every coin is looked to that she parts with and receives; how just and honest is she in all her dealings; unlike frail sister Femmy, she would not look over Captain Fronde's hand for worlds.

See how he ranks his suit, and 'dresses' the cards in fittest order and rotation; none of the pips inverted, none of the queens permitted to stand upon their heads; he arranges his plan of attack beforehand, and goes into battle with calmness and intrepidity; defeat does not discourage nor incapacitate him—the old soldier and the old bachelor combined.

Now turning to the other table—for there is only one rubber as yet concluded, and we do not 'cut in' until the second—the tall man in moon-spectacles is our Haukside vicar. He plays one invariably game, which no peculiarity in his own or his partner's hand will ever induce him to swerve from. He is always 'forcing' his adversaries; playing unpleasantly small cards, in order to compel the fourth hand to trump. I need not tell you he has through life seen but one

view of any subject; that he is not of a conciliating disposition; and that dissent is rampant at Haukside. He plays very slowly, though everybody knows what is coming; and preaches very long sermons, of which the same may be observed.

His partner is our young squire: youth is some excuse for him, but he certainly approaches whist with a too great levity. I believe in his heart of hearts he prefers what he calls Vanjohn; I have known him deliberately turn round during the progress of a game, and enter into conversation with a bystander; I have seen him lead out from the highest sequence of a suit of eight with a 'Yoick, tally-ho!' that has convinced me he expected every one to go round; I have a serious suspicion that he never counts the trumps; on this occasion, you observe, he trumps all the cards that are intended to force his adversary; he has no faith in any card under a knave. When the parson and he are against me, I estimate my winnings for the two rubbers at three shillings and ninepence, our points being invariably 'threepennies;' he encourages us by words and gesture while at play; he uses expressions now and then that draw 'Gently, gently, Sir Archie,' from the good captain at the other table; he calls the ace of spades irreverently 'Mossy Face.' Our good squire, it may be concluded, is one of the old sort, and a fox-hunter.

One of the two foemen of the parson and squire is our sole attorney: he plays a steady, plodding game, and can quote you precedents from Hoyle and Major A. for every card; one of these volumes is generally in his right-hand coat-tail pocket, along with his tortoise-shell spectacle-case and his purse: this I know, because they are all brought out together, and arranged upon the whist-table like documents.

The fourth person I would much rather not speak of; and yet in that case there would be a hiatus, if not to be deplored, certainly not to be filled up by any other in Haukside. It is Mr Jerningham, the young doctor, who has bought our old friend Wilson's practice, and whose skill is spoken very highly of. Dr Wilson has been confined to his bed for some months; and, of course, only male whist-players are admitted to him, though I do hear it said that the Miss Moffats have applied for that distinction. Mr Jerningham supplies his place at our parties: he designates the four leading cards by the names of Ases, Kings, Queens, and Bishops; he invariably calls the two 'the deuce.' After having experienced bad fortune, and upon entering on a new game, he makes a pretence of turning back his sleeves, and makes as though he would spit on his hands; he lays down his cards with emphasis, and shuffles the pack in a most strange and juggling fashion. Having won an unexpected game on a certain occasion, in partnership with Miss Femmy, he is actually reported to have complimented that lady herself as a 'great trump.' For all this, he plays exceedingly well. 'A savage,' observes Miss Moffat, 'but with most excellent instincts.' Knowing these things to be then, it did not surprise me to hear that he has two wives still extant, and that he retires to rest, upon the average, more often in his boots than without them; nor that, upon the other hand, he attends the poor for nothing, and supplies them too from his own scanty purse.

Some people have more general and uninterrupted views of mankind than we in Haukside; for me, the characters of my neighbours are sufficiently mirrored, as I have described, at whist. A stranger, less transparent than Mr Odin, may puzzle me for a couple of rubbers, but that is the extreme limit. To be sure, there are people even in Haukside who don't play whist at all—an inferior order of beings, who, I suppose, have occupations of their own, to be tested by some other touchstones. The dissenting minister, for instance—But, see, they have done their rubber: Miss Femmy is

rubbing her hands, and Mr Odin grows a deep carnation under his partner's eye; I hope I shan't cut with him. Don't look over my hand, please—I hate it!

INDUSTRIAL PATHOLOGY.

ABOUT a quarter of a million of people are this day working underground in the mines of England. Of these, 30,000 are doomed to untimely death. This is not a mere conjecture: it is an average of the casualties of past years. The average age of the Sheffield grinders is hardly more than thirty-five years. Although exhibiting, as this does, a mortality that chills the heart, it is old age compared with the lives of a special branch of the trade—the 'dry-grinders.' The 'grinders' complaint' carries off its victims up to this day, despite the progress of medicine and the inventions of science.

There are scores of men throughout England with frames palsied from head to foot, and constitutions irremediably shattered, from inhaling the mercurial fumes incident to the gilding and looking-glass trades.

Dr T. K. Chambers exhibited, some weeks ago, at the Society of Arts, the jawbone of a man engaged in the Congreve-match manufacture. He had submitted to a most perilous operation, as a relief from the more enduring and more excruciating agony of carious jaw. Multitudes in Germany, Austria, France, and England, similarly employed, are victims to this peculiar but frightful malady.

Statists have not yet put down in figures how many tailors, seamstresses, and shoemakers suffer from chronic dyspepsia. The nearest approximation would be obtained by giving the whole number of the followers of these crafts. Sitting for many hours every day with the body bent, thus cramping or pressing the lungs into less than their natural space, produces indigestion in its worst forms, and pulmonary disease.

A sensible man in one of the great Manchester and Glasgow houses assures us, that in his department alone—namely, the packers'—forty young men have died of consumption in his time; a period of ten or twelve years. How many poor washerwomen suffer from varicose veins, brought on by long standing over the tub, or from poisoned hands, through the venom of bleaching-powders and strong alkalies? How many saddlers, and other artisans, court weak sight by working with a jet of gas close to their eyes—how many compositors invite the same calamity, by an uncovered flame flickering over their work at night—how many glass-blowers become blind from the glare of their furnaces—and how many, or rather how few, poor girls apprenticed to the gold chain-making escape the same dire calamity, let the records of ophthalmia say.

We boast of our progress in art and science, but forget the cost of progress. Ships are burnt and founder at sea, despite their air-tight compartments. Mariners are drowned, though a thousand 'life-preservers' are in use—from the simple plank or rope, up to the life-boats, that can't be got off when wanted. Scaffolding is still built open, clumsy, and insecure. Labourers still fall and are killed. White-lead and 'turps' still carry off the victims of colic. Brewers are stifled in their own vats. Soapmakers are boiled in their scalding coppers. Men are caught up by unboxed machinery, to be dashed against rafters and shafts, or torn to mince-meat. Sparks fly into the blacksmith's eyes, and dust blinds the mason. Navvies, puddlers, and brickmakers, are racked with rheumatism. Coal-whippers overtax their giant strength, and are decrepit at forty years. The 'tailor's fistula,' and the 'baker's scrofula' are not things of the past. Drug-grinders and preparers of chemicals are poisoned with impalpable powders, or with acrid fumes.

Is there no remedy for these evils? Must the many

be sacrificed for the few? Surely God, who ordained man to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, 'did not ordain that he should eat it in suffering, in the rotting of his vitals, the perilling of his soul, and the welcoming of premature death?*' Manifest have been the remedies proposed for these grievances. A respirator has been lately introduced for those whose calling leads them into noxious places. A thin layer of charcoal, whose deodorising and disinfecting properties are well known, is quite sufficient in this new respirator to render innocent the most powerful acid fumes. But the question still remains—will this be used?

Drug-grinders delight to muffle their mouths in a thick shawl one half-hour, and do without a covering the next. Protecting the lungs will not avail much in another case, where a man at a chemical work will climb to the top of a retort with a flaring candle, to discover a fracture indicated by a strong smell of hydrogen. Such a circumstance was reported by the press only a short while ago. The reward of such temerity was, of course, a terrific explosion, whereby great damage was done to the apparatus, and three men were seriously injured.

Bakers, we are told by the industrial pathologists, might prevent their scrofula, or cure it, by rubbing with raw meat their hands or other affected parts. Flesh, maybe, has the same healing properties as oils and fats. Tallow-melters' hands are remarkably soft, and free from blains and chaps; doubtless owing to the constant anointment they receive.

Is there any reason why proper apparatus should not relieve the coal-whipper of at least half his toil? The Chancellor of the Exchequer took off the Excise lids of the soap-vats. These lids used to offer a slippery facility for climbing; and although a slip was fatal, the feat was worth the risk, as it was a means of getting to the hook-gear suspended above. With this temptation removed, we hear of accidents even now—from overbalancing, and other causes—but the number is greatly reduced, and the few occurring are traceable too often to inebriety.

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the day, to see masters caring for their men—endeavouring to increase their comforts, and to lessen their dangers. Painters are, more than others, at the mercy of masters. Messrs Cubitts, and kind-hearted employers following their example, are both strict and lenient towards their painters: strict, in requiring cleanliness from them; lenient, in giving them extra time for the purpose. If a Brush in their employ ever feels—to use the descriptive phrase of one of themselves—'his inside twisted as a washerwoman twists her sheets,' it is not from the masters' want of care. 'It depends a good deal upon the shop one's in whether we can be clean,' says the same informant; but it depends in a far greater degree upon the workman himself. Constant cleanliness is the best cure for colic. The accumulation of paint in the system, from dirty hands at meal-times, and from dirty clothes after work, is pregnant with future agonies.

The most pernicious part of a painter's occupation is 'flattening.' White-lead and turpentine, a heated and closely-shut room, are regarded as necessary to give our walls and ceiling the dull surface so much more admired than the glare of oil-paints. As an antidote to the poisoned atmosphere, copious bibations of raw spirits are common, which, of course, only aggravates the evil. We are assured that the work can be done equally well with open doors and free air. Indeed, it is not essential that white-lead should form part of the painter's stores. Sulphate of zinc, 'white-zinc,' or 'zinc-lead,' as the workman calls it, is a perfect and harmless substitute. It is hard to wage war against prejudice and habit. You will hear those whom the

* *Journal of the Society of Arts*, June 9, 1854.

new substance would most benefit cry out against it. 'It won't work,' or, 'It won't mix up well,' or, beaten on these points, 'Well, then, it won't do for the finest work.' The fact is, 'zinc-lead' is in every respect equal to white-lead, except in baneful properties. Were it in general use, it would banish a material most pernicious to health, both in its first manufacture and in its after applications.

We mentioned scaffolding. Our ingenuity has been exercised in making that heavier and more awkward, without gaining any additional strength. If we turn to China, where we find all our new inventions at least 10,000 years old, scaffolding is fenced with a light bamboo trellis-work, to prevent an inadvertent fall.

With respect to machinery, legislation has that in hand. Would that it were in the power of legislation to touch the consciences of such masters as were recently pilloried in the police-reports of London—masters who could turn out poor wretches to shift for themselves who had had their hands or arms dragged off at their work, only permitting them to remain twelve months or so after the accident, that the dismissal might itself seem accidental!

Most of the affections of the eyes could be avoided. It is only immemorial habit which prevents many an artisan from covering a flaring naked flame. The light of the sun is called white light, and is produced by the blending of the primary blue, red, and yellow rays. The eye receives this light with pleasure, and without harm. Artificial illumination is deficient in blue rays. To remedy this defect, glass chimneys are sometimes used, tinged with blue. Work-people would find these glasses give a clear, white, harmless light.

In that interesting community, the Belmont Candle-works, Mr Wilson, the manager, has caused a young troop, who use the blow-pipe, to mount blue spectacles. Odd as these appear, they save them from weak eyes, to which they were formerly subject. Would not a similar plan relieve the gold chain-makers?

Sanitation is a science to which we must look for remedies for many grievances. Plenty of air, fewer hours, and abundant exercise, would annihilate warehouse consumption. Our informant on this point attributed the mortality in his house to the prejudicial odours from dyed goods. Dyed cottons are packed wet. They are thus made up in small bulk, and the colours at the same time are kept bright. Unfolding a hundred bales in the course of the day is very uninviting. The smell of the dyes, and of the size used to face the fabrics, is to a stranger unendurable. 'When we unpack the hanks of dyed wools,' said a packer to us, in his own strong but expressive way, 'you would think there were a dozen open cess-pools close at hand.'

Sewing-machines bid fair to emancipate the tailor from fistula, and seamstresses from consumption.

For the shoemaker, an upright bench has been invented. When his inexplicable prejudices are got over, he will find that the treadle and strap, and *leather 'lapstone'*, give him as good 'purchase' as ever did his knees and chest. If Crispin can but be persuaded that there is good in a new plan, that a standing-bench is really better than the conjunction of nose and knees, we shall hear no more of hollows in his chest as large as the heel of a boot.

Pegged boots are trying to supersede the stitched sole. The appeal of the cordwainers to the public on behalf of these boots will prove, we fear, of little effect. We are hard-hearted in what concerns our comfort. We think little of the artisan and his wife and his family when we wear his productions. Pegged boots are doubtless good, but it is not public sympathy that will bring them into use.

We alluded to Congreve-matches. If the common phosphorus be subjected to a higher temperature, it changes its appearance, and also some of its well-known properties. It may with impunity be handled and

carried in the pocket. If used in making matches, it cannot by any chance bring about the dreadful jaw-disease. In its analysis, the allotropic or amorphous phosphorus, as it is called by chemists, is identical with the common substance. Sturge of Birmingham makes matches of it, and contends that they might be made as cheap as the others; yet the manufacture is not common. We think they require rougher friction to ignite; but what is that to the danger of the common match? Even if the common phosphorus was still retained, danger would be lessened by constant cleanliness, and a good draught to carry the deleterious vapours up the chimney where the ingredients were mixing. In very few manufactories is this care taken.

Electricity has already signed the death-warrant of the palsy of the gilders.

The history of the grinders' complaint shews with what pertinacity men will keep to old custom. A magnetic mouthpiece was introduced, for the purpose of intercepting the particles of steel that fly off from the points of the forks. The result was a great outcry amongst the operatives. No one would wear it. It made them look comical. It was an insidious design to lower wages. Far preferable was it to fill the lungs with steel-dust, to live licentious lives on large wages, to be ever ill, to die soon. 'Short lives and merry ones,' *Merry*, save the mark! An air-shaft has since been invented to carry off the dust as it is generated. Can it be credited that this simple device is far from being general? Steel-dust is still inhaled. With the masters rests the criminality where they are able to control their men.

With this strange indifference to health, the grinder, it may be supposed, is callous to danger of other kinds. He sits before a huge stone, turning with terrible velocity by steam-power. Not unfrequently such moving masses of rock start apart, as though blasted with gunpowder. Precautions are, of course, used to protect men working in such jeopardy. One piece of the stone invariably flies direct at the man before it; and unless he is protected with a shield or strong iron plate *chained down* between him and the wheel, he is inevitably killed, and most likely other men in the vicinity meet the same fate. Yet, if you go into a grinder's, you will not find one shield in twenty fastened down. It is too much trouble!

In the case of the miners, they themselves, the last to take alarm, begin to feel that the mortality amongst them is excessive. They have presented to the legislature a petition, whose simple facts and figures need no colouring to add to their pathos. To provide safeguards against accidents ought to be imperative on all proprietors. Complete ventilation, constant inspection of gear, and prudence on the part of the workman, would make disasters almost impossible. Expense, however, outweighs the risk to life. Danger meets us at the very pit's mouth. A flaw in the iron, the snapping of a link, the bursting of a cord, may send the bucket, with all its human freight, headlong to the bottom of the shaft. A curious feature in the character of the miner is developed by this familiarity with danger. You will see a man at work with an improved Davy on one side, and a blazing candle on the other. Speak to him about it, and 'He will be glad to drink your honour's health.' Ask him if he ever unscrews his lamp? He will tell you, if inclined to friendliness: 'O yes, we do when we want more light. Them lamps ain't much good. Yer jest as safe with 'em open. They do say they prevent you from being blown up; but if you are to be blown up, you will be, all the same for that.' Such is the fatalism of the miner.

Culpable as such recklessness is, ignorance accounts for it. Ignorance obstructs the most simple, the most perfect, the most ingenious designs of science. We have not yet been able to make explosions impossible. The

industrial pathologists propose, as a simple expedient in every mine to prevent explosive gases collecting, that a small stream of water should flow through every passage; for wherever water flows, a current of air will go with it. In so far as this would act without the care of the miners, it would be far better than a misused safety-lamp.

We have explained the meaning of the title of our paper by illustrations. It is the purpose of industrial pathology to decrease, by every means, the number of preventable accidents in trade and business.

The Society of Arts closed its last session, and a century of usefulness, most gracefully by making this subject the basis of the concluding discussion. No surer encouragement to art could have been given than this exhibition of care and sympathy for the artisan. Nor was the meeting satisfied with mere discussion. A pathological committee was formed, and is now earnestly at work. This committee has sought the co-operation of all the affiliated societies—now numbering several hundreds in various parts of Great Britain—in the investigation of the subject. Information from working-men has been especially aimed after. They, if any are able, could detail their troubles and describe their remedies. There is no doubt that a thousand inventions to preserve human health are almost unknown, from the difficulty of making them public. It is the hope and effort of the committee to remove this difficulty. In the course of next spring, a collection of instruments, that have for their object the preservation of sight, is to be made and formed into a temporary museum in the Adelphi—perhaps the nucleus of a permanent exhibition. In addition to this, it is purposed to have a series of annual exhibitions, each in turn to take under its care some peculiar species of disease or danger incidental to handicraft. Contributions to these displays will be welcomed from all. This is taking up the matter in a right spirit. Every one must hope that such philanthropic projects may be eminently successful.

The practical teaching of these museums will aid the lessons of the schoolmaster. Truly he in his turn has enough to do. Our illustrations suggest some scientific remedies; but the schoolmaster is the great physician for the evils arising out of ignorance. Special education in the value of life can alone teach men to be careful of it.

M A R E T I M O.

CHAPTER IX.

WALTER ENGAGES IN A ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

THE *Filippa* was no sooner anchored in the port of Naples than Giacomo and Luigi began to treat Walter as a perfect stranger, although more than an hour passed before any one came on board. There was a great fuss made about exhibition of papers, bills of health, and so forth, before free pratique was granted; but at length Walter obtained permission to get into a little boat and go ashore—not at liberty, of course, but under the watchful eyes of the police into a dark little building, where he had to exhibit his passport, and account for his arrival in that abnormal manner. In Italy, however, as elsewhere abroad, there are several modes of affixing a *visa*, expressive of various degrees of confidence; and it would appear that Walter had been recognised at Messina as a good-natured Englishman, travelling to improve his uncultivated mind by contact with southern treasures of art. He and his valise were soon, therefore, passed into the hands of a crowd of *facchini*, who seemed furiously disappointed at having no more than one victim. They rushed around him—much like a pack of dogs round a stag at bay—and began vociferating praises of themselves and the hotels they patronised with gestures that to a timid man might have suggested danger of assassination.

Luckily, one of the police-officers had given Walter a card of the Globe Hotel, by means of which he contrived to get rid of his persecutors—all but four, two to carry the valise, and two who assisted each other to guide him three or four hundred yards to his destination. Being yet young in Italy, our hero thought to escape more readily from their hands at the hotel by giving each about twice as much as he would have had a right to expect had he been alone; but this imprudent conduct threw them all into frantic spasms of avarice. One dashed the money he had received on the ground; the other began to shed tears; a third appealed to the bystanders; and a fourth pretended to clutch at a knife under his waistcoat. The waiters of the hotel looked calmly on. Walter felt inclined to empty his purse into the gutter. But suddenly a person, who had witnessed this scene from the door of a café opposite, crossed the street, seized the valise, and, using it club-wise, soon dispersed the *facchini*, who yelled with impotent fury, and a minute afterwards were squatting a little way off in the sun—all grin and white teeth—as comfortably as if nothing had happened.

'That's your sort, sir,' said the stranger, an unmistakable Englishman, with broad face and broad shoulders—a broad man, in fact, altogether—in white hat, white jacket, white trousers, and white shoes. 'A carline and a blow, but never a word; or Naples will soon be too hot to hold you.'

Walter was not inclined to accept this as a general theory, but profusely expressed his gratitude for the timely rescue.

'I am a stranger here, as you see,' he added, 'and delighted to meet a countryman. Have you breakfasted? I have not.'

'The invitation may be considered as accepted,' said the Englishman, shouldering the valise, and rushing into the portal of the hotel. 'Here—you son of everything that is bad—shew this gentleman a room. What say you, sir? Am I to introduce you as a prince, or a simple traveller? Profuse expenditure, or economy?'

'Economy, of course,' replied Walter, who was too experienced to pay people for laughing at him as a fool.

'You rise in my estimation, sir,' exclaimed his new-found friend, who forthwith set to work in Italian on the principles agreed upon; so that very shortly they were both seated in the best apartment of the hotel, waiting for the contemplated breakfast.

The stranger now introduced himself as Mr Joseph Buck, many years head-clerk in the firm of Thompson, Pulci, & Co., sulphur-merchants, having a decided belief that he ought long ago to have risen to the dignity of partner, but still satisfied with his past, with his present, with his prospects, with his employers, and with himself. From boyhood upwards, to live in sight of the Bay of Naples had been his ambition, which early in life he had left a good situation in London to satisfy; and strange to say, having obtained what he desired, he was content. He loved the bay, and everything in its neighbourhood, and knew more about it even than Sir William Gell. It stood him instead of friend, relative, wife, and family; and with an intolerance not very surprising, he could not but speak rather contemptuously of those who were incapable of appreciating the source of his enjoyment.

Walter at once understood that he had made a very precious acquaintance; and when half a bottle of *Lachryma Christi* had completely warmed up his confidence in human nature, did not hesitate to account exactly for his presence at Naples. Luigi Spada had somewhat shaken his reliance on the efficacy of the introduction given by Bianca. According to him, the Princess Corsini was a woman of caprice and suspicion, devoted to the interests of her brother, the Marchese Belmonte, and more eager than any one else to annul the marriage of Angela. The letter of Bianca contained simply these words:—'It will console many

persons, and answer the purpose of the marchese, if you allow the stranger who presents this letter to see your wayward niece, and bear testimony, if called upon, that she is under no restraint. Many rumours, which the stranger does not know of, circulate among the discontented here. I write on my own responsibility, because there is no time to lose. You will do as you please.

BIANCA.

Walter had read this letter, which Luigi had unscrupulously opened, with some repugnance. He understood from it that the course he had intended to pursue—namely, to present it, and affect to ignore both its object and its contents—was that which had been expected of him. He could not help thinking, despite the sentiment of admiration, which might almost have been called love, Bianca had aroused, that her advice and assistance had been ungraciously or insincerely given. Without taking the trouble to scrutinise his motives—acting on mere impulse, or with some incomprehensible design—she had sent him to Naples on what Mr Buck very properly called 'a wild-goose chase'; and having said just enough to make sure of his departure, had disappeared, without even giving him time to ask one word of explanation.

'I distrust that young woman,' said Mr Buck, being in perfect ignorance of the sentimental part of the story; 'and I make it a rule to distrust all Italian jades. They are as slippery as eels, and like to lie in the mud.'

'Yet she appeared frank and honest.'

'All the more dangerous. I have always had the greatest possible suspicion,' exclaimed Mr Buck, generalising recklessly, 'of all people who appear frank and honest.'

'What shall I do?' said Walter, speaking rather to himself than his companion.

'Do? Why, take my advice. I have a little cutter of my own, built in regular English style—a perfect gem. I will have it ready in an hour. We go aboard. No fear of police interference. They know me all round the bay. We start. Egg Castle behind—Vesuvius ahead. Portici near at hand on the left—heights of Sorrento far away to the right. Finest scenery in the world—pass Torre del Greco—slip into Annnunziata. We can take a trip to Pompeii, whilst we are about it—no? Well, another time will do for that. They are making discoveries every day. Once at Annnunziata, as there is but one great house, nothing is easier than to find what we want. We make inquiries; and—after that we can do as we please.'

This scheme so exactly agreed with Walter's impatience, that he accepted it eagerly; and accordingly, not long after breakfast, the cutter, manned by a couple of lads, besides Mr Buck, who looked after the rudder, was gliding out of port. A schooner, all sails set, had just cleared the mole. It was the *Filippa*, bound for Civita Vecchia. How gallant its bearing, as it bent slightly under the breeze, shooting past beneath the guns of the Castello del Ovo! Walter's heart throbbed at the thought of what misery or what joy depended on its fortunate voyage. It seemed almost too presumptuous to suppose that all seas would continue to prove merciful, all winds favourable, all circumstances kind—that men and elements would combine to allow safe and speedy passage to that little bark, laden with the last hopes of so tender an affection as that of Paolo and Angela. Walter did not endeavour any longer to conceal from himself, that without the new coadjutors he had found, it would have been next to madness to attempt carrying out the scheme of rescue. Where could he have procured a boat and a trusty crew? At what port would he have ventured to seek them? To have admitted these difficulties before, he would have considered pusillanimity. Now he saw their magnitude; and as he watched the *Filippa* gradually growing less upon the shining waters, he accompanied her with earnest prayers, and never once thought of the

dangers he had passed, except to rejoice that they had introduced him to such necessary auxiliaries.

'By your face,' said Mr Buck, touching Walter on the sleeve, 'I should say you are very anxious to bring these two young people together. Do you know it is a very fine thing to take pleasure in making other people happy?'

'I do but my duty. He saved my life. I endeavour to make his life happy.'

'Very good; but I once, when a lad, drew a drowning man to shore, and he hastened to get rid of the obligation by offering me half a sovereign.'

'Perhaps that was as much as his life was worth,' said Walter laughing.

'That was the value he put on it when safe on land. But life, sir, is of more worth than the whole world. How can you put a price on the privilege of breathing this air?'

Mr Buck—whose face, eyes, forehead, nose, mouth, and all, was beaming with smiles—inhaled a long breath, and leaned back with an air of inexpressible satisfaction. It was evident that he considered himself a consummate Epicurean.

They sailed on; the purple waters—purple and transparent as a Damascus blade—gradually ceasing to curl, but still gently swelling in smooth billows. The wind continued to serve, and the white villas of Portici, trellised with vines, were soon dim in the distance on the left; and the cone of Vesuvius, toward the base of which they were steering, grew higher and higher; and the lava-fields, red and rugged, like glaciers of fire, came in sight; and the vineyards, and the hamlets, and the low jutting rocks on the inner shore of the bay, grew more distinct every time the prow of the cutter rose and dipped. The sun, however, was hanging over Ischia island in their rear—a globe of fire—not long before its setting, when they reached Annnunziata. The village lay, amidst trees and rocks intermingled, along the shore, forming two rows of houses, between which the high road ran. On the slopes of the hills above, half buried in trees, and surrounded by a lofty wall, an old mansion, with turrets and many irregularities, could be distinguished.

A man was lying on a heap of nets upon the shingle. 'That is the Villa Corsini—is it not?' inquired Mr Buck.

'Si, signor,' replied the man, who, as all Italians are cicerones by nature, instantly added: 'But there are no pictures there—nothing worth seeing; not a statue, except the broken Triton in the garden, and that is of the seventeenth century. Will your excellencies go to Pompeii?'

Mr Buck, entering into Walter's feelings, expressed the greatest contempt for both Pompeii and the Triton.

'Let us go to the albergo,' said he; 'we must put up there for the night. It is kept by a stout but worthy woman, who fries fish to perfection. She must know everything about the Corsinis; and I am a great hand at pumping.'

They went to the Albergo del Sole. The man, leaving his nets, followed them, to claim payment as a guide; and, much to his surprise, obtained a carline. He blessed them profusely, and went to treat all his brother fishermen to macaroni. A few dogs barked in rather a jealous tone. There was no one else astir. The albergo seemed not to have had a visitor for a month. The door stood open; but the hostess was down the street, spinning thread with a neighbour under a porch. She left her wheel, and came waddling after the strangers into the public-room, which opened by a large window into the kitchen. It was the old story. Everything they liked for dinner—in general; but in particular, nothing save eggs and macaroni. As neither Walter nor Mr Buck were travelling with gastronomic views, they were satisfied to take what they could get, especially as the wine, though heavy,

was good; so they were soon at table, on a charming little terrace, some twenty feet above the sea, which broke upon the pebbles with a noise as if bubbles of glass were perpetually shivering there. The shores of the bay, with their thousand varieties of form, stretched away on either hand; and the sentinel islands at the mouth stood out in black relief against a vast expanse of red sky, which brightened by a succession of flushes as the sun sank lower and lower.

The hostess was as stout, and as gracious, and as communicative, as Mr Buck had expected; but she had not much to say. The Princess Corsini did indeed occupy the mansion on the slope of the hill; and there was with her a young person, some said her niece, reported to be a very amiable, saintly lady, about shortly to commence her novitiate at the Convent of the Assumption, at Castellamare. Walter's countenance darkened with a rush of blood as he heard this intelligence, because it explained, he thought, an allusion in Bianca's letter. Angela was supposed by some to be under restraint. The family wished to remove this impression. An Englishman, a Protestant, might be a useful witness, in case at some future time violence were talked of. He was admitted, it would be said, freely to see the lady. Had she been a prisoner, why not have appealed to him? The argument would be only specious, because no delicately-nurtured maiden would venture to appeal against domestic tyranny to a stranger; but it would be satisfactory with most people. While the hostess went on with many insignificant remarks, Walter indulged in these reflections; and Bianca's conduct began to appear very black indeed. Her emotions were factitious. They were exhibited in order to make him an unwilling accomplice in a cruel family intrigue. All this was improbable, but it seemed true.

Although it was manifestly too late for strangers to present themselves at the Villa Corsini, Walter and his companion determined at anyrate to stroll in that direction—both pretending that it was merely to pass the time, but both secretly trusting in the favourable disposition of goddess Chance.

The evening was singularly calm. Not a breath of air stirred. There was no sound, save the buzzing of the mosquitoes about an old wall, half buried in verdure, that bordered a side of the lane by which they ascended, zigzagging; the bay, now tranquil and uncrinkled as the sky, but dim as a shadow in winter, being ever in sight. As the hour darkened, the stars bloomed into view like flowers of fire; and before they reached the gate of the Corsini garden, the moon, nearly at full, appeared like a balloon of silver hanging near the cone of Vesuvius. Mr Buck, in his white dress, preceding Walter, began to look like a corpulent phantom. Walter himself felt a sweet presage of success steal into his mind. He thought of the anxious Prisoner in his cell; of Bianca, as he had conceived her in his most generous mood; of Angela, the widowed wife, standing on the threshold of eternal seclusion, and casting back a look of yearning anguish on the world that might have been so beautiful to her. They reached the great iron-gate, and looked through the bars, up a long avenue of trees that led to the villa, a black and sombre mass, except where the moon's rays, falling nearly from behind, touched some of the pinnacles with silver.

Walter, who had abandoned all idea of making any progress in his scheme that night, leaned against the gate, and was surprised to find it give way and open. Though not usually superstitious, being in a somewhat exalted mood of mind, he took this slight circumstance as a warning that he must act at once; that, perchance, his aid was wanted; that something was going on in which he was called upon to interfere. He was about to enter, when his companion plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered:

'Do not be rash. Here are people coming up the lane.'

'Let us enter, and conceal ourselves under the trees,' answered Walter. 'Our being seen at the gate will excite suspicion.'

The massive shade of a vast chestnut-tree, that thrust its branches over the wall, rendered them for a time invisible to the two persons who were approaching. Walter entered, followed unwillingly by Mr Buck, who had not bargained for an adventure of that kind. As the door creaked when they pushed it, they left it ajar, and hastened to conceal themselves. The lane seemed to end at the gate, so they inferred that the strangers must be going to the villa. They were right; for scarcely had they reached a place where fell an impermeable shadow, when in the half light near the gate they saw two persons.

'I am afraid, padre, that some of the villagers are in stealing wood,' said a voice. 'I left the gate close to, and it is now ajar.'

'You had better lock it, my son,' replied the other person. 'If it be a woman, she will not be able to climb the wall, and you can catch her, and remonstrate in the morning.'

'Whether man or woman, it will not be easy to climb,' was the answer; 'for the sharp flintstones have been newly set. Your advice is good. I will certainly catch the malefactors, and remonstrate with them in the morning.'

'A comfortable prospect,' whispered Mr Buck, when the two persons, after having carefully locked the gate, had proceeded some distance down the avenue.

Walter apologised for having led his companion into the scrape, and spoke with contempt of the lofty wall and the flintstones. 'The fellow swelled his voice, to frighten any one who might be near,' said he; 'but I have robbed too many orchards before now to be stopped by so little.'

Mr Buck admitted also having committed depredations of that kind, and seemed inclined to relate one or two juvenile adventures; but Walter was already in motion towards the villa, following the edge of the avenue, but carefully keeping where the shadows were thick and the grass soft. As may be imagined, he had no particular project, desiring simply to make an accurate survey of the place for future use, should he be reduced to obtain admission to the presence of Angela by stratagem.

'Provided there are no dogs,' suggested Mr Buck, who may be excused if he felt some alarm at the serious aspect assumed by an adventure in which he had no concern whatever, but which threatened to lead him into real danger.

In front of the villa was a broad open space, paved with small stones, upon which Walter thought it would be imprudent to venture. But the trees brushed the two wings of the house, and promised to allow the adventurous Englishmen to reconnoitre without being observed from the windows. They now remembered that the hostess of the Albergo del Sole had mentioned a circumstance which at the time had appeared of no moment—namely, that there was but one male servant in the villa, all the rest being women. That servant was probably the man who had negligently left the gate open. The other person was evidently an ecclesiastic; and Walter was inclined to consider his presence at that hour as rather a mysterious circumstance.

They went round by the south wing of the villa, and found all silent. The place seemed perfectly uninhabited at first. An owl hooting in a niche was the only living thing they heard. The ground rose abruptly under their steps; and they soon found themselves climbing a rugged slope, covered with bushes. The Villa Corsini, as they now understood, was built on the steep face of the hill, in a series of steps; so that the lower windows of the eastern façade were on a level

with the upper windows of the western. On arriving at even ground, they further discovered, by the light of the moon, that in the rear of the villa was a small garden, carefully surrounded by tall iron-palings, and by a hedge of small trees and shrubs that emitted a faint fragrance. Mr Buck had now become quite enthusiastic; and venturing his conspicuous form out of the shadow of the trees, went along the palings, peeping, like a great school-boy, to find some aperture by which he could obtain a view of the villa. At length, by a dangerously loud 'Hist! p'st!' he attracted the attention of Walter, and brought him to a place where, through a little gateway, could be seen a semicircular portico, lighted partly by the moon, partly by a lamp that shone from the interior of a vast apartment on which it opened. Two or three persons were sitting or standing there, but at too great a distance to be clearly distinguished. Walter, however, thought that one of them was the ecclesiastic who had entered the park at the same time with themselves.

He now began to reflect, seeing no means whatever of ascertaining what was passing in the interior of the villa, that his presence in that place was a mistake that might prove dangerous. If he were discovered prowling about like a thief in the dark, he would be effectually precluded from approaching Angela by any other means than force—not likely to be successful.

'We had better retire,' said he to Buck; 'there is nothing more to be done.'

'What! run away like scalded cats!' replied indignantly that gentleman, who had by degrees risen to the height of the situation. 'That would indeed be a falling off. Stay; here comes some one in this direction. Keep close; we may hear something.'

Two persons advanced along the garden-path, at first silent; but when they came near the gate, out of hearing of those who remained in the portico, they began to talk freely.

'What say you, padre?' said a firm imperious female voice. 'If we act strictly on the information given us, there can be no sin. Have you reason to suppose that the very reverend bishop of Trapani can be guilty of falsehood?'

'That is a harsh way to put it,' said the padre in an embarrassed tone. 'He mentions the death in a very positive manner, but not as being within his own knowledge.'

'Why should you doubt it?'

'I do not doubt, princess; but I am troubled, sorely troubled in mind. If it should not be true—'

'You will still have done your duty—nothing more.'

'But why am I chosen to be the bearer of this bad news? Why not communicate it yourself?'

'Because—'

'Perhaps you announced it on some former occasion?'

'Padre!'

'That, however, is nothing. It appears, then, that he is really dead at last; and I am to break the news to poor Angela?'

'Yes.'

'And express sympathy with her?'

'Yes.'

'That will not be difficult.'

'No matter.'

'Next, I am to press on her the necessity of devoting herself to the service of God?'

'You are the best judge.'

'O yes, I am the best judge of that,' said the good priest with fervour. 'I will urge her to take refuge from this wicked world, where only there can be rest for her now. Poor widowed thing! What business has she longer in this dismal vale of tears—wandering through paths of sorrow in search of a grave? There is but one place of consolation for such as she.'

'Your words are excellent!' said the princess with some irony.

'I am a Protestant; yet I belong to the religion of that man!' whispered Buck energetically to his companion, who on his part was listening with intense eagerness to this accidental unfolding of a plot, by which Angela—having in vain, no doubt, been tempted to abandon Paolo—was to be decoyed into a seclusion where no report of the world's doings could ever reach her.

'And is it possible,' he thought, 'that paternal pride, and the ferocity of vengeance, can be pushed thus far?'

He did not know that vengeance is as a whirlwind, that clings to the forest-tree, and struggles in its branches, and roars more furiously as long as resistance endures, until the roots give way, and there is a giant ruin of verdure on the earth; and that then only it abates its anger, and sighs itself into stillness over the devastation it has made. The true punishment of the implacable is success. There is no more miserable man than he who has killed what he has loved, and feels his love revive when it can no longer be responded to.

The princess and the padre went towards the house. Walter's first impulse was to cry aloud, and conjure the man of God not to be the unconscious bearer of a falsehood. But he trusted in the firmness of Angela. She had endured persecution so long, and had been so often deceived, that she must now be quite on her guard. The authority of the padre, no doubt, would be great, but she would not accept the dreadful tidings without suspicion; and to-morrow, he might be enabled—certainly he would be able—to disabuse her mind.

He felt it impossible, however, to stir from that spot, though it did not seem likely that any new incident could further enlighten him, or contribute to appease his agitation that night. He remained silent, with bent brow and compressed lips, gazing at the villa, which now became dark, for the door was closed that led into the portico. Suddenly there rose on the air a terrible cry—a cry of anguish and despair—like that of a Hebrew mother from whose arms an innocent has been torn by murder. It vibrated long and shrill through the night, and might have been heard far out into the country. Walter felt his arm firmly grasped by his companion.

'Come away, come away,' whispered he hoarsely; 'they have stabbed her to the heart with a word!'

THE LAST DAYS OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE inhabitants of the metropolis are about to part company with an old familiar face, whose beauties and deformities have been well known any time these last 500 years. Smithfield Market is about to die. Its days are numbered. It will die in giving birth to another and a better. Very shortly after the present sheet reaches the hand of the reader, the old market will cease. Let us, while it yet remains, say a few parting words respecting it. Perhaps, in spite of the exertions of contractors, the new market may not be ready for the grand Christmas display of 1854, and in that case the old spot will have one more day of its old glory; and the world—the London world—should go and take a last glance at the most extraordinary of cattle-markets in the most anomalous of localities.

Whether Smithfield was named after a person or a trade, is not now known; but the open spot so designated has been used for a fair and a market during very many centuries. A fair, to be held in Smithfield, was granted as a privilege or monopoly to the Prior and Convent of St Bartholomew in early times. There was also a charter granted to the city by Edward III., in terms of which no other cattle-market than one belonging to the corporation should be held within seven miles of the metropolis. Thus the fair and the

market grew up side by side; the one belonging to the convent, and the other to the corporation. The fair was not a holiday-fair, in the sense understood by most Londoners: it was for clothiers, drapers, and dealers in other goods. The fair lived on till our own day. It remained the property of the convent until the time of the Reformation, when the convent shared the fate of all other monastic establishments. The conventual rights in the fair were sold to Sir John Rich, attorney-general to Henry VIII., and were held by his descendants till the year 1830, when the corporation purchased them from Lord Kensington, the then owner. During this long period the fair had been held for three or more days in September; and by degrees the custom grew up of mingling gaieties with business. Wonderful conjurors, pig-faced ladies, babies with supernumerary arms or legs, tight-rope dancers, spangled fairies in muslin dresses, wild beasts, theatres upon wheels, dancing-booths, toys and trinkets, gingerbread-nuts, oysters, fried sausages—all became part and parcel of Bartholomew Fair. The corporation received licences from those who occupied ground for these purposes, and the fees seem to have closed the corporate eyes to the mischief and demoralisation attendant on the fair. At length, however, the propriety of putting an end to the fair became strongly felt; and the corporation having purchased the old priory rights, it was finally suppressed a few years ago, whereby Smithfield was shorn of some of its attractions for the apprentice-boys of London.

All this, however, had nothing to do with the market. The fair and the market were two institutions—associated, yet separate. Both have lived at least 500 years; and both die within a few years of each other. The market has been held here for even 700 years; for Fitzstephen mentions the sale of horses and cattle under the date 1150. The area of Smithfield, or Smith's Field, was fully adequate for the purposes of a market when metropolitan population was relatively small; it is only in more modern times that the inadequacy of space has been felt. The charter from Edward III. has made itself felt with mischievous force in later days, when all attempts to establish cattle-markets in or near other parts of the metropolis were met by distinct and determined claims of vested rights on the part of the corporation. About the reign of Elizabeth, the cattle sold at Smithfield were estimated at about 70,000 annually. Even at that time, the area of Smithfield was deemed too small; and Charles I. granted a supplementary charter to the corporation, empowering them to enlarge the area of the market from time to time.

Some writers have doubted whether the sale of cattle at Smithfield in the time of Elizabeth could have been as high as 70,000; for the sale scarcely exceeded 75,000 cattle and 580,000 sheep in the middle of the last century. In more modern times, the numbers have been easier to estimate. Between 1820 and 1840, the annual sales of cattle rose from 140,000 to 175,000, while those of sheep rose from 1,200,000 to 1,350,000. For a whole century, there has been a pretty near approach to this ratio—eight sheep to one bullock. The calves and pigs have always been much less numerous at Smithfield: they averaged, during the twenty years just named, about 20,000 of the former, and 250,000 of the latter annually.

We need not trouble ourselves with statistical details concerning the steps by which the numbers have increased. Suffice it to say, that Smithfield has had lately to accommodate a quarter of a million cattle, and a million and three-quarters, or more, of sheep, besides a proportionate number of calves, lambs, and pigs, in the year. And on some particular days, the supply and sale are truly enormous, rendering it almost inconceivable how so much can be done in so small a space. The 'great day,' in each year, occurs a few

days before Christmas, and is understood to comprise the livestock whose flesh is to form the substantial part of Christmas dinners in the metropolis. It is not unusual on this day for 5000 to 6000 cattle, and 30,000 to 35,000 sheep, to enter Smithfield, and to be nearly all sold within a few hours. It is not like the great tryst at Falkirk, or the great fair at Ballinasloe, where a large area in space, and two or three days of time are available, and whence the animals are dispersed over the three kingdoms; here the whole is done in a few hours, within a few acres, and nine-tenths of all the animal food sold will be consumed within a distance of four or five miles from the market.

Very few persons, Londoners or others, know Smithfield Market in its true characteristics. He who would understand a cattle-day at that busy spot, must rise betimes in the morning, or must not go to bed at all. During the night, or during the preceding evening or day, supplies have been arriving from all quarters. Steamers bring over cattle from Rotterdam and Hamburg, and the Danish coasts; other steamers bring the Scotch supply from Berwick, Leith, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness; the North-western Railway collects its herds from the northern and midland districts, and pours them out at Camden Town, whence they walk to Smithfield; the Great Northern brings the stores from Lincolnshire and the Fen counties, and turns them over to the care of the drover at somewhere about Pentonville; the Eastern Counties freight their trucks with the abundant produce of the East Anglian district, and turn the livestock adrift at Shoreditch. So likewise the luggage-stations at Paddington, Nine Elms, and Bricklayers' Arms, receive their contributions, and send them up to the great centre. As for the road-traffic of old times, that has greatly lessened. The poor animals used to arrive at Islington footsore and exhausted by their long journey from the grazing counties; they required a few hours' rest at the lairs, and were then driven on to Smithfield. Railways and steamers have lessened this traffic in two different ways—they bring up livestock, whereby the animals are saved from the fatigue of a long walk; and they bring up country-killed meat, which lessens the quantity of livestock required to be brought into London.

Be the mode of arrival what it may—road, rail, or steamer—the scene at Smithfield is very exciting. The Smithfield drovers are a peculiar class of men, having trying duties to perform, and shewing much skill in performing them well. They are divided into two sets—the salesmen's drovers and the butchers' drovers: the former pioneer the livestock into Smithfield, and the latter out; and it is difficult to say which is the harder task of the two. The Smithfield salesmen are another peculiar class. They have no cattle, no shops, no stores; but they know all the graziers and all the butchers, and they manage the sales so quickly and fairly, that it is believed both graziers and butchers make better bargains than if they dealt without the intervention of the salesmen. The graziers pay the salesmen a small commission-fee, and the salesmen employ the salesmen's drovers. The Smithfield bankers, too, are a peculiar class. Their chief if not their only business, is to receive from the butchers the money for livestock sold by the salesmen, and to transmit that money to the seller, whether he is the grazier or a dealer. The seller, say in an inland county, sends up cattle to Smithfield; he consigns them to a particular salesman, on whom he implicitly relies for making the best bargain he can; the salesman sends one of his drovers to marshal the beasts into Smithfield before the market begins. And as all the salesmen have similar commissions to execute—similar in principle, though different in details—the scene becomes very extraordinary. During the entire night, the animals are arriving, the drovers are shouting, the dogs are barking, the torches are flaring, the

animals are bellowing, bleating, and squeaking, blows are falling, imprecations are passing round, the mud and filth are ankle-deep, and the whole is a theatre of din and confusion. The area being very small, the drovers have great difficulty in bringing such a mass of livestock into orderly array. Whether to be tied up to rails, or to be formed into rings, or to be enclosed in pens, the animals frequently shew much disinclination to the desired arrangement. It is during this adjustment that the cruelty occurs which has so often been condemned. Smithfield drovers are not more cruel than other men: they have insufficient room wherein to do their work; and it is scarcely upon them that blame should fall if they subject the poor animals to rough treatment. It is only fair to mention, that great improvement has been wrought in this matter within the last few years; but nothing less than a vast increase of space can possibly remove the evil. Well; the cattle and calves, the sheep and pigs, are by great labour brought into their proper places; and then the salesmen narrowly examine their consignments, to see what may probably be the average prices which they may obtain during the day. The butchers arrive in all kinds of carts and chaise-carts, and clothed in all sorts of rough and care-for-nought garments. They leave their carts in the various streets branching out of Smithfield, and then plunge into the thick of the market. The butchers know and care nothing about the sellers; they deal with the salesmen; they pay over to the salesmen, or to the bankers in presence of the salesmen, the purchase-price; and the salesmen remit the whole of this, with the exception of a few market-fees, and the trifling commission of something like half-a-crown per bullock, and a proportionate fee for smaller animals. Then, the money being paid, the butchers employ another set of drovers to bring the animals to their respective slaughter-houses—a duty which entails more danger and discomfort to the inhabitants than any other part of the whole affair. Let justice be done: let the market be condemned on proper grounds of condemnation; but let us admit that the general arrangements between sellers, buyers, salesmen, bankers, and drovers, are admirably managed. One of the bankers frequently takes £40,000 for one Monday's sales; and about seven or eight millions sterling are supposed to be paid annually at Smithfield for livestock!

This, then, is the market against which society has cried out, and which is about to be replaced by a better. The complaints against Smithfield Market are not of modern date alone. Ninety years ago, a pamphlet was published, in which the very same kind of objections against it were urged as those with which we have lately been familiar. From that time until 1851, the corporation had always something to say against every proposal for reform: they either did nothing, or they enlarged the old market by a few additional yards here and there; but as for building a cattle-market elsewhere, they would not think of it. The utmost that can be accommodated, after all the enlargements, is about 4000 beasts and 25,000 sheep—to say nothing of the inefficiency of this so-called accommodation—so that, on the busier market-days, it is difficult to know where to place the poor animals at all. In fact, the space, in its greatest enlargement, is less than half the area of the Crystal Palace. In 1849, under the influence of powerful pressure from without, the corporation brought forward a plan for appropriating Smithfield to fountains, baths, and wash-houses, and expending an enormous sum of money in building a new market north-westward of it; but this, if an improvement in some particulars, would still leave untouched the evil of holding a cattle-market in the heart of the metropolis.

A singular episode in connection with this subject, is the fate of Mr Perkins's Islington Cattle-market.

This market was opened in March 1836, and had a brief career of only seven months. It enclosed fifteen acres within the walls, and had open and covered lairs for 8000 cattle and 50,000 sheep. The market was established in virtue of the Act 5 and 6 Will. IV., cap. 111. The capital was provided chiefly by one individual, Mr Perkins, with a view to a sale to a market company. The superior nature of the accommodation, and the large number of animals that could be accommodated, gave to this undertaking a promise of great success; and at the opening dinner, flourishing speeches were made, and warm anticipations expressed. But the opponents were formidable: unless both buyers and sellers will consent to make use of a particular market, the market will fail; and the corporation used every possible means to bring about this result. Most of the Smithfield bankers and salesmen, all the shopkeepers around Smithfield, and large numbers of the London butchers, aided the corporation; and the result was, that the country-dealers were induced to continue to send their livestock to Smithfield, rather than to Islington, simply to obtain a better market. An attempt was made to get an act of parliament for suppressing Smithfield Market altogether, and transferring the trade forcibly to Islington; but the attempt failed; and soon afterwards, the Islington Market ceased altogether. Since then, the area has been chiefly occupied as lairage for cattle on the way to Smithfield.

Nothing but very powerful means could have compelled the corporation to adopt the reform now in progress. The weight of parliamentary committees, of a royal commission, and of the secretary of state, were all brought to bear upon the matter, and the act of 1851 was obtained. By the terms of this act, the corporation were to do certain things within six months; and if they did not do those certain things, a commission of five persons was to be appointed by the crown, to be called the Metropolitan Cattle-market Commissioners. These commissioners were to provide, subject to the approval of the Home Department, a cattle-market, a meat-market, abattoirs, and lairs; they were to let out the abattoirs, stalls, and shops, at annual rentals; they were to determine on tolls and sales, subject to the approval of the Treasury; they were empowered to borrow £200,000 to effect the works. When the new market was finished, the secretary of state was to announce in the *London Gazette* the closing of Smithfield Market on a particular day. On the 1st of December, in the year following the opening of the new abattoirs, all other slaughter-houses were required to be licensed. All this was to be the result, if the corporation delayed for more than six months the expression of their willingness to take up the matter: the market would then be national property, and the city could no longer demand its fees. If we remember rightly, the corporation withheld its assent to this bold reform until the very day before the expiration of the six months. They did, however, give the assent at last; and most of the powers are now exercised by the corporation, which would otherwise have been exercised by the commissioners.

Driven as they have been into it, the corporation seem to be doing their work thoroughly. Such a market does not exist in the United Kingdom as this will be when completed. Of course, the first consideration was: where shall the new market be located? The situation of the old market, in the centre of the town, has been the great bar to all improvement, and therefore it was necessary to select a new spot very little occupied at present with houses. The choice was difficult to make, for many considerations and requirements had to be taken into account. The arrival as well as the departure of the animals; the convenience as well of the buyers as of the sellers; the slaughtering as well as the sale—all had to be calculated for. The spot chosen was a field, or series of fields, around the

well-known tavern called Copenhagen House, bounded by Caledonian Road on the east, and by York Road—*ci-devant* Maiden Lane—on the west. In a very few years, it would probably have been nearly covered with houses.

At the moment when we write this, the area in question is a scene of wonderful activity. Men are at work, not merely by hundreds, but by thousands, forwarding the operations, so as to render the market fit for business at the earliest possible period. The area is very irregular; but its irregularity has been skilfully taken advantage of. The corporation have appointed a Market Improvements Committee; and this committee, with Mr Bunning, the architect, are carrying on the operations in a very complete manner. The entire area comprises about seventy-five acres—about twelve times the area of Smithfield. The inhabitants of the Camden Road villas are somewhat annoyed by the near approach of the northern side of the market to their habitation, but a new road has been formed to somewhat sever the contiguity; and on the other three sides, the market, until lately, does not abut upon houses. The central portion of the whole area, or the market proper, comprises about fifteen acres, and will afford accommodation and rails for tying up about 7000 cattle and 42,000 sheep; besides a covered calf and pig market, the roofs of which are supported by columns, which act at the same time as water-drains. In the centre of this portion of the establishment, is an elegant twelve-sided building for the bankers, so planned as to provide eleven distinct banking-houses, and an entrance to an inner court common to them all. The plan and arrangements of this compound banking-house are very complete and ingenious. A lofty octagonal bell-tower surmounts the centre. In other portions of the area are abattoirs of two kinds, public and private, arranged something like those in Paris, and far superior in every respect to the usual slaughter-houses in this country. The public abattoirs are for the use of those who kill their own meat at the market; while the private abattoirs are to be rented to the regular slaughtermen, who kill live-stock for butchers at so much per animal. The lairs or resting-places for the cattle, just before or just after market, are most extensive. The bullock-lairs south of the enclosed market will accommodate 3000 beasts, and are much larger than the whole of the present Smithfield. The whole of these lairs are covered with slated roofs, floored with vitrified bricks, provided with haylofts and water-troughs, and planned with every attention to ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort to the animals during their brief sojourn within the walls of the establishment. The sheep-lairs, in a different part of the area, are equally well provided. So large is the area, that, after providing for bullock, sheep, lamb, calf, and pig markets, lairs, and abattoirs, there will be room for other conveniences, such as a hide-market, a meat-market, and an establishment for the exhibition and sale of agricultural implements.

There is a plentiful supply of entrances at various sides; and when the railway arrangements are completed, the facilities for bringing livestock into the market itself will be great indeed. The market is contiguous to the Great Northern and the North London Railways; and a short branch, already planned, will carry those lines into the market. Moreover, a short branch from Hackney to Stratford, lately opened, connects the North London with the Eastern Counties systems; the North London is already connected with the North-Western at Camden Town; and the North-Western is connected to the South-Western near Brentford: so that, very shortly, cattle and sheep from almost any part of England, will be able to travel by railway into the very heart of the market. It is almost impossible to overestimate the advantage of this arrangement, in respect to the overcrowded state

of the London streets and suburban roads; and it is believed that the value of the animals themselves will be greater, when thus spared the hazard and fatigue of struggling through busy thoroughfares.

To any one who knew the Copenhagen Fields as they were a year ago, the change is truly astonishing. The buildings of the market are rapidly approaching completion; five or six taverns of enormous size have been built in immediate connection with it; several other taverns have been built by private persons; streets of houses, and rows of shops, are becoming conspicuous in all directions; and the whole place will become a busy hive before long. There is a talk of an expenditure of about £350,000 by the corporation; this is a large sum; but so completely and thoroughly is everything being done, that it may be regarded as money well laid out.

It is pleasant, then, to think that, in taking leave of an old acquaintance, we have so grand and rich a new one to look forward to. Only a few more cattle-days will occur at Smithfield; and those who are curious in these matters, would do well to ramble thither on one of these days. It will be something to talk about in future years, to say that we saw the last of a market at which more butcher's-meat has been sold than on any other spot in the world.

J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

THE Muse of Mr Westland Marston is evidently herself possessed by one absorbing idea, and has duly inspired him, her votary, with its ever-present significance—and that is, the antagonism which so frequently exists between the heart and the world. There is a strife going on, neither seldom nor feebly, between man's natural instincts and man's artificial laws—between his emotions and impulses on the one side, and his conventional usages on the other—between the sentiments implanted by his Creator, and the traditions and social rules created by himself. This strife, in a variety of phases, it is Mr Marston's characteristic to illustrate in a series of 'modern instances.' It is the key-note of nearly all his strains. Ever since the formation of society, a conflict of the kind has been an almost chronic evil, sometimes acute: but as society becomes subject to more and more complex interests—as its relations multiply, and its circles find increasing points of contact and intersection—the collision between what is of nature and what is of art becomes necessarily more common and complete. In choosing the drama as his medium, the poet may appear to some judges to have devoted himself to a form of art to which his genius is not quite adapted—his dramas being often open to the charge of deficiency in that rather material condition to success, the dramatic element; and being again and again marred by superfluity of 'talk,' and paucity of incident and action. As dramatic poems, however, studied in the closet, rather than witnessed on the stage, they certainly have merits of a high and distinctive order; they are rich in poetical feeling, and thoroughly informed with a spirit of sympathy with whatsoever is true, and lovely, and ennobling; they give fine expression, at no rare intervals, to manly resolve in its bursts of high endeavour, and to the tenderness of meek endurance, the 'still sad music of humanity,' in tones 'of ample power to soften and subdue.' Nor are his works without repeated evidence of the inventive faculty, in respect of 'stage effect' and the crisis of 'situation,' though a more liberal culture of this faculty might add greatly to the interest and animation of his plays.

If his earliest production of this kind—*Plighted Troth*; or, *a Woman her own Rival*—failed on the stage (being withdrawn after one night's performance), it is meet to bear in mind that it was not intended to undergo the glare of the footlights, but was published

as a 'dramatic tale,' and addressed to the denizens of the library, not of the playhouse. The story belongs to the time of the Revolution of 1688, and tells how a maiden of seeming low degree is betrothed to an adventurous gentleman, who, on his return from years of foreign service, finds, but does not recognise her, in the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of rank and wealth. It was to the lowly orphan girl, Maddaline, that he had long ago plighted his troth; and now he is fascinated by the splendid Countess St Auriol, little dreaming of the identity of the twain; while, on her part, the lady is jealous of the charms and the rights of her past self, and becomes, according to the title of the piece, 'a woman her own rival.' The perplexity occasioned by this state of things is ingeniously contrived and forcibly portrayed—the adjustment of all difficulties being finally brought about by the introduction of two portraits of the lady, one in her past tense of meek orphanhood, the other in her present, of august nobility. And a pleasant presence is hers, in any tense, and almost any mood:

Now may the heavens shower their blessings on her—
With her sweet-scented breath, and rustling locks,
And her blooming cheek, and her streaming eyes—if 'tis
Not like as though one pressed a little rose
All covered o'er with dew unto their lips!

So says Winifred, *à propos* of bestowing a kiss on winsome Maddaline, the smack and zest whereof seem to have passed into the very letter-press of the description, so lively and graphic is the similitude of that 'little rose.' There are some stirring scenes occasioned by the doings of Maddaline's wicked guardian, a revengeful Cumberland knight, and his villainous steward, Wormall—the frenzy of the one when foiled in his malignant schemes, and the cool treachery of the other, being made to cross and contrast with signal effect. The interview, again, between the maddened Sir Gabriel and the priest, may be cited as full of energy and passion—the knight eager to buy revenge on any terms:

—Command
What more ye will—the scourge—the shirt of hair—
The bed of poniards—ought or all can mortify
Both body and soul, command forthwith, I say,
And forthwith be obeyed; but leave me, leave me
The hope and solace of my deep revenge!

While the priest advances by slow gradations—from tranquil remonstrance to sentence of excommunication—from urging to a holy sorrow, and a habit of soul

Childlike, and penitent, and pitiful,
Till that our meek and chastening tears invite
A hand parental from on high to stanch them;

to the stern anathema

Away, inheritor of ruin, and
Be henceforth excommunicate!

pronounced in the hope that, as Sir Gabriel's 'fears alone make up his faith,' priestly wielding of spiritual terrors may succeed where counsel and appeal and entreaty had failed:

In the bleak
And howling waste of the seared conscience, we
Must e'en content us with the troubled spring,
If nought more pure be found wherein the weak
And perishing soul may taste of penitence.

Many telling 'bits' of description might be culled from this dramatic tale; such as this picture of Sir Gabriel's chamber, at the time of its master's incipient frenzy:

I saw a desolate chamber—naked walls—
Unto one side some sordid rushes huddled,
As for a lazar's wretched pallet—here
And there, a chest, a bench, and ruder board,

Whereon, in motley neighbourhood, lay mingled
Fragments of broken viduals—rosaries—
Wine cups and tankards—waxen images
Of saints and martyrs; whilst in the midst there hung
A bleak and dismal lamp, whose throbbing flame
But served, as 'twere, to let the gloom betimes
Discern itself and shudder.

How graphic the simile in the following fragment, applied to one half paralysed by the sudden arrival of dreadful news:—

Stricken he stands, and rigid, like unto
The stark Egyptian swathed erect in death!

But we must pass on to other of Mr Marston's dramatic tales.

The next in order is that by which he is perhaps best known—best, whether in the sense of most widely, or of most favourably. This is *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy of modern life, set to music in blank verse. The fundamental idea is like that in the *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, of Mrs Browning—the clashing of aristocratic prestige with world-wide instincts, but with an unprosperous denouement. The plebeian lover of Lady Mabel is repulsed with scorn, though she is all his own in her heart of hearts; and, in his wrath, he vows deliberate revenge. Rising in the world, he renews his suit, and is now accepted; the marriage-settlements are drawn up, and the guests of the proud Norman family are assembled, and then, with bitter words, the bridegroom abruptly retracts his troth, declares his long-cherished purpose, and exults in its cruel triumph. The bride languishes and pines away, even unto death; and her friends and her bridegroom are left to chew the cud of such bitter fancies as may grow on her early grave. The poet's aim was to deal an effective blow against conventional prejudice; but it may be doubted whether he has directed it aright. One of his critics remarks, that so ill has he managed the strife between the aristocratic and popular principles, 'that the patrician [Lord Lynterne], as well as his daughter [Mabel], who is the victim, attract respect, if not admiration; while, on the contrary, the hero of democracy [Mordaunt] excites unmitigated aversion and disgust.' It is, indeed, a sad drawback on our interest in the hero, to witness the unheroic tactics to which he has recourse. Such a case of malice prepense is a little too bad on the part of one challenging our admiration as a model of manly worth. Otherwise, the character is a striking one, and is made the exponent of much eloquent philosophy, of the kind which, as we have said, Mr Marston has most at heart. As Bertram, the peasant-poet, 'plucked up' the Lady Geraldine's 'social fictions'

—bloody-rooted, though leaf-verdant;
Trod them down with words of shaming—all the purples
and the gold,
And the landed stakes and lordships—all that spirits
pure and ardent
Are cast out of love and reverence, because chancing
not to hold.

And, as he thus passionately addressed the beautiful heiress—

What right have you, madam, gazing in your shining
mirror daily,
Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others must
adore—
While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers,
to vow gaily,
You will wed no man that's only good to God—and
nothing more!

So does Edgar Mordaunt protest against the conventional distinctions by which he, the plebeian, is warned off from the patrician's daughter. For his soul has mused deeply on the essential unity underlying all

human inequalities of rank; and his reasoning is, that

However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant,
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, the sun
From age to age has watched their honours end,
As man by man fell off; and centuries hence,
Yon light unto oblivion may have lit
As many stately trains as now have passed—
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,
Shall shine on undecaying. When men know
What their own natures are, and feel what God
Intended them to be, they are not awed
By pomps.

We only regret that Mordaunt himself is not a finer actor of his ably-enforced doctrine—that 'life's great play may, so it have an actor great enough, be well performed upon a humble stage.' A jury impanelled to sift his part in the death of the patrician's daughter, would be slow to give in a verdict of justifiable homicide. If the play must be a tragedy, 'tis a pity to find the catastrophe traceable to him: so far the didactic import of the piece is depreciated greatly.

The author's mastery of pathos was clearly evidenced in the two foregoing dramas. And as it generally holds, that a master of pathos has also a corresponding command of humour, so his skill to move to laughter as well as tears was proved in his next stage production, a comedietta, with the title *Borough Politics*. The story turns on the struggles of an honest English farmer between irritated pride and natural affection—the 'heart and the world' again—personal resentment urging him to oppose himself, as rival candidate for the mayoralty of Bumbleton, to an obnoxious M.D.; while the happiness of his daughter, imperilled by this opposition—she being betrothed to the doctor's son—becomes in the end a weightier influence. The mental workings of the bluff yeoman are intimated with a precision only to be gained by close study of the mind and affections. Nor were touches of pathos wanting to commingle with and refine the comedy of the action.

To this succeeded *The Heart and the World*, a graceful re-presentation of the poet's favourite theme. It tells how

A maiden gave her faith in trust to one
Who after found its custody a burden.
Fame, courtlier manners, more instructed smiles,
Made his vows fetters. When she heard, she wept not.
Her whole heart was one frozen tear. Alas!
She was a simple girl, and had not learned
The fashion of the times.

Simple, faithful Florence has given up her heart long since to Vivian Temple; but his heart, though in reality her own, has become rifled of its freshness and fervour by commerce with the world: a titled damsel has partly bewitched him, and before the world he has cast off his first love. In an agitated interview with Florence, wherein she upbraids his heartlessness, and scatters abroad the sophisms of his self-defence, Vivian is driven to own himself convicted of wrong, and exclaims:

I concede
Your triumph here! But shew the vanquished pity.
Flor. Ay, pity! There's the loss, that we must learn
To pity what we worshipped. Vivian Temple!

What is the master-pang—there is but one—
That wrecks a woman's future? Pours the world
Scorn on her chosen? Well, she takes his hand,
And drops the world's. Is want that crushing pang?
I tell thee, when of nights her slender hand
Smooths his brow's anxious lines, and soul-filled eyes
Glorify pale, worn faces—she thanks Heaven
That taught her, through her very penury,
How love can grow by suffering. Is it death?—

Temple. (Breaking in with much emotion.) No, no!

Flor. (Rising.) I say so too. Then what?

Temple. Oh, nothing, nothing!

Flor. Yes; his fall from worth!

Faith rides o'er mountain-billows by one light
We deem a star. Prove that a meteor—then
We strand, we strand!

Elsewhere she thus expresses to another the depth of her indignant grief at the unworthiness of him she has loved, intensified by her persuasion of his natural worth and stifled virtue:

Oh, didst thou know, like me,
What lofty tones sleep in those chords which now
Harsh folly jars! If o'er his head had met
In one fell constellation all ill stars,
And poured at once their pitiless vials down—
Scorn, sickness, poverty—I could have borne it;
But thus in self-degraded! Oh, what shame
Like that which cankers self-respect! What death
Like that which sears the heart, and makes the frame
An animated tomb!

But Vivian is finally emancipated from the toils in which he had been caught: there is some 'heart' left in the 'world' to which he has been in bondage; and if the fifth act excite 'some natural tears,' yet it is not a tragedy, and we 'wipe them soon,' with all kinds of good wishes valedictory for hearts that have overcome the world.

The fine tragedy of *Strathmore* illustrates, with dramatic power as vigorous as it is delicate, the conflict of Love with Duty, and the victory of the latter. 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more,' said or sung the *preux chevalier* of olden time. The hero of this tragedy, whose lot is cast in the troublous times of Claverhouse and the Covenanters, exemplifies, in life and death, the spirit of that strain. His heart is given to Katherine Lorn, child of the loyalist Sir Rupert, while his honour is bound up with the cause of the Covenant. Strathmore and Kate have been brought up together; 'twas he upheld her steps when both were children: 'on the hillside still flowers,' she reminds him, 'the golden gorse from which he plucked the thorn that else had harmed her; in the brook still float lilies like those they wove' together, in the past and pleasant piping times of peace. But fell discord has separated Kate's sire from Kate's lover; and in the chances of war, the life of Strathmore is seemingly in the power of Sir Rupert, and depends on his avowing himself a traitor, and his cause a crime. Seemingly, not really; for in the conflict which has thus subjected the Covenant to the Cavalier, Strathmore has been mortally wounded. But of this Katherine is ignorant; and the grand effect of the tragedy turns upon this fact. For in his dying moments, Strathmore appeals to her to bid him choose between the life which she supposes can be secured by her father's nod, so soon as ever the young prisoner shall have renounced his principles, and the death which otherwise—and this, too, by her father's nod—awaits him. And having heard him, Katherine bids him—die! The climax is most impressively worked up:

Strathmore. (Feebly, but with increasing energy as he proceeds.)

You shall decide (*she kneels by his side*): two paths before me lie,

The one through death to honour—

Katherine. Hulbert!

Strath. Nay,

There are but two! First, say we choose the nobler—

Then wilt thou think of Strathmore, as of one

Who, by his last act, fitly sealed a life

He would bequeath thee spotless.

Kath. Ah, bequeath!

And I shall never see thee more!

Strath. Yes, Katherine! (*Pointing upwards.*)

Kath. The other path?

Strath. It leads to life through shame!
Wouldst have me take it?—live to own no bond
But with dishonour, feel remorse consume
My hope in ashes; when I hear the tale
Of heroes, vainly groan—*such once I was!*
And when the cowards shudder—*such I am!*

Kath. This gloom will melt in a bright future—

Strath. No!

He has no future who betrays his past!

Kath. Still live!

Strath. To give the lie

To my true youth; shrink, when thy straining breast

Throbs to a traitor's; read in those dear eyes

The temptress, not the wife! All springs of joy

Reflecting my own brand, the ailment

Of every blessing poisoned, age's frost

Numbing the pang it cures not—to crawl down

The steep of time and to the grave—that last

Dark shelter for disgrace—bear a dead heart!

Kath. Cease! cease!

Strath. (Rising.) Speak, shall I sign?*

Kath. (Starting to her feet.) No—DIE!

And anon the maiden's bidding is fulfilled, though she is spared the anguish of seeing a father's hand the instrument of its fulfilment. The interest of this scene is said to have told with thrilling effect on the stage, when first brought out some five years since.

The same year appeared *Trevelyan; or, the False Position*. Partnership in dramatic composition is a custom that was in vogue before Beaumont and Fletcher, and is still adopted both here and abroad. In France, for instance, it is nothing rare to hear of two, and three even, being engaged in the authorship of a mere one-act farce; while some of the most successful hits in our own contemporary stage annals are joint-stock affairs—witness the composite dramas due to the united labours of Messrs Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. *Trevelyan* was of the joint-stock class: Mr Marston contributing the serious, and Mr Bayle Bernard the comic 'business.' The 'false position' intimated in the title is that of a low-born wife, whose 'antecedents' have been concealed from her noble sensitive husband—the abrupt discovery of them on his part occasioning a sad series of embarrassments and mutual distresses, though all is made right at last. The poetical rendering of these domestic difficulties is managed with the author's wonted delicacy and tact. Some of the situations are deeply moving, and the dialogue is marked by sustained passages of tenderness and genuine utterances of passion.

In the following season was produced the historical play of *Philip of France and Marie de Meranie*—the 'points' of one scene in which have been thus summed up: 'A gray castle, a summer solitude, a forsaken wife, an affianced bride, a dying gift; childhood, the dead, love, hope, forgiveness, blessing, memory, tears, passion, curses;

Philip near,

Crownless, perchance, and vanquished;

and over all an atmosphere of sorrow, bright with the sunset of decay, and stirred by wedding-bells. Marching legions, the hoarse tide of war, victory, a conqueror, wild hope, frenzied fear, the shadow of the grave, the resurrection of love, the despair of passion, united lovers, a recrowned queen, three vanquished realms, a broken heart, a husband widowed, a victor kneeling, warriors grieving, lances vailing, solemn music, and the Angel of Death, with Marie on his breast, looking impassive upon all.' With images so unwontedly crowded is the closing scene animated—that terrible closing scene,' as it has been called, 'into which, with the tactics of Napoleon, the poet pours his masses in overwhelming prodigality.' But taking the play as a

whole, its incidents are noway complex, nor its plot intricate. Its theme is, once again, the old quarrel between the heart and the world; the soul of Philip Augustus being made, in this instance, the platform of the contest. Marie is the monarch's good genius:

Her love is not alone his fortune's crown;
'Tis Nature's need! not to his branch of life
An added blossom, but the vital essence
Replenishing the root.

The impetuous, yet vacillating prince, feels that she has 'changed his being,' and he tells her how:

I measured glory once by daring deeds,
Extended empire, and by prostrate foes.
You taught me, first, to think *Deliverer*
A holier name than *Victor*—that the rod
Of terror rules but shrinking clay, while love
Sits throned in living hearts! I thought of thee,
And from the captive dropped his chain—of thee,
And pardoned rose the traitor at my feet—
Of thee, and bade the tyrant-stricken serf
Look up, and greet a father in his king!

Such has been the sway of a woman's unworlly heart over a man's worldly one—such her influence to snatch him from the toils 'of selfish brains, the chill of frigid hearts, the infected air that stifles and corrupts the soul that pants to live.' It must be added, that those who had carefully watched the progress of Mr Marston's dramatic compositions, applauded the construction of this play as a great advance upon any of its predecessors.

Last in the series comes *Anne Blake*. Here, however, there is rather a falling off than an improvement in the constructive art. The five acts are far too sparsely provided with action. The value of the work consists mainly in a certain psychological study of character, too subtle and delicate to hit the taste of 'full houses,' but highly interesting to such as love to ponder the reflective evolutions of a poetical mind, skilled in the 'various readings' of the soul of man, and gifted with artistic talent in rendering the *nuances* of light and shade. But we have no space to dilate on these finely-developed qualities. And the same 'negative quantity'—speaking mathematically rather than grammatically—forbids any detailed mention of Mr Marston's poems of a miscellaneous kind; his *Gerald*, dramatic sketches, romances, ballads, and lyrics. Of these many are forcible, some only forcible-feeble; nearly all are distinguished by a meditative beauty, and a generous tone of sentiment, deeply engaging to all, what Wordsworth calls, 'thinking hearts.'

A SCRAMBLE AMONG PRAIRIE-WOLVES.

THE prairie-wolf (*Canis latrans*) inhabits the vast and still unpeopled territories that lie between the Mississippi River and the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Its range extends beyond what is strictly termed 'the prairies.' It is found in the wooded and mountainous ravines of California and the Rocky Mountain districts. It is common throughout the whole of Mexico, where it is known as the coyote. I have seen numbers of this species on the battle-field, tearing at corpses, as far south as the Valley of Mexico itself. Its name of prairie-wolf is, therefore, in some respects inappropriate; the more so, as the larger wolves are also inhabitants of the prairie. No doubt this name was given it, because the animal was first observed in the prairie country west of the Mississippi by the early explorers of that region. In the wooded countries east of the great river, the common large wolf only is known.

Whatever doubt there may be of the many varieties of the large wolf being distinct species, there can be none with regard to the *Canis latrans*. It differs from all the others in size, and in many of its habits. Perhaps it more nearly resembles the jackal than any

* 'Sign'—namely, the scroll of abjuration.

other animal. It is the New-World representative of that celebrated creature. In size, it is just midway between the large wolf and fox. With much of the appearance of the former, it combines all the sagacity of the latter. It is usually of a grayish colour, lighter or darker, according to circumstances, and often with a tinge of cinnamon or brown. As regards its cunning, the fox is 'but a fool to it.' It cannot be trapped. Some experiments made for the purpose, shew results that throw the theory of instinct quite into the background. It has been known to burrow under a 'dead fall,' and drag off the bait without springing the trap. The steel-trap it avoids, no matter how concealed; and the cage-trap has been found 'no go.' Further illustrations of the cunning of the prairie-wolf might be found in its mode of decoying within reach the antelopes and other creatures on which it preys. Of course this species is as much fox as wolf, for in reality a small wolf is a fox, and a large fox is a wolf. To the traveller and trapper of the prairie regions, it is a pest. It robs the former of his provisions—often stealing them out of his very tent; it unbait the traps of the latter, or devours the game already secured in them. It is a constant attendant upon the caravans or travelling-parties that cross prairie-land. A pack of prairie-wolves will follow such a party for hundreds of miles, in order to secure the refuse left at the camps. They usually lie down upon the prairie, just out of range of the rifles of the travellers; yet they do not observe this rule always, as they know there is not much danger of being molested. Hunters rarely shoot them, not deeming their hides worth having, and not caring to waste a charge upon them. They are more cautious when following a caravan of Oregon or California emigrants, where there are plenty of 'greenhorns' and amateur-hunters ready to fire at anything.

Prairie-wolves are also constant attendants upon the 'gangs' of buffalo. They follow these for hundreds of miles—in fact, the outskirts of the buffalo-herd are, for the time being, their home. They lie down on the prairie at a short distance from the buffaloes, and wait and watch in hopes that some of these animals may get disabled or separated from the rest, or with the expectation that a cow with her new dropped calf may fall into the rear. In such cases, the pack gather round the unfortunate individual, and worry it to death. A wounded or superannuated bull sometimes 'falls out,' and is attacked. In this case the fight is more desperate, and the bull is sadly mutilated before he can be brought to the ground. Several wolves, too, are laid *hors de combat* during the struggle.

The prairie traveller may often look around him without seeing a single wolf; but let him fire off his gun, and, as if by magic, a score of them will suddenly appear. They start from their hiding-places, and rush forward in hopes of sharing in the produce of the shot.

At night, they enliven the prairie-camp with their dismal howling, although most travellers would gladly dispense with such music. Their note is a bark like that of a terrier-dog, repeated three times, and then prolonged into a true wolf's howl. I have heard farm-house dogs utter a very similar bark. From this peculiarity, some naturalists prefer calling them the 'barking-wolf,' and that is the specific appellation given by Say, who first described them (*Canis latrans*).

Prairie-wolves have all the ferocity of their race, but no creature could be more cowardly. Of course no one fears them under ordinary circumstances; but they have been known to make a combined attack upon persons disabled, and in severe weather, when they themselves were rendered unusually fierce by hunger. But they are not regarded with fear either by traveller or hunter; and the latter disdains to waste his charge upon such worthless game.

I knew one exception to this rule, and that was a trapper of the name of H—. He was the only one of his sort that shot prairie-wolves, and he did so 'on sight.' I believe if it had been the last bullet in his pouch, and an opportunity had offered of sending it into a prairie-wolf, he would have despatched the leaden missile. I once asked him how many he had killed in his time. He drew a small notched stick from his 'possible sack,' and desired me to count the notches upon it. I did so. There were one hundred and forty-five in all.

'You have killed one hundred and forty-five, then?' said I, astonished at the number.

'Yes, I deed,' replied he, with a quiet chuckle, 'that many dozen; for every 'un of them natches count twelve. I only make a natch when I've throwed the clar dozen.'

'A hundred and forty-five dozen!' I repeated in astonishment; and yet I have no doubt of the truth of the trapper's statement, for he had no interest in deceiving me. I am satisfied, from what I knew of him, that he had slain the full number stated—one thousand seven hundred and forty!

I became curious to learn the cause of his antipathy to the prairie-wolves; for I knew he had an antipathy, and it was that that had induced him to commit such wholesale havoc among these creatures. By careful management, I at last got him upon the edge of the story, and quietly pushed him into it. He gave it me thus:

'Wal, sir, about ten winters ago, I war travellin' from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, to Laramie on the Platte, all alone b' myself. I had undertuk the journey on some business for Bill Bent—no matter now what. I had crossed the divide, and got within sight o' the Black Hills, when one night I had to camp out on the open pampir, without eyther bush or stone to shelter me. That war, perhaps, the coldest night this nigger remembers; there war a wind kim down from the mountains that wud a froze the har off an iron dog. I gathered my blanket around me, but that wind whistled through it as if it had been a rail-fence. 'Twan't no use lyin' down, for I couldn't a sleep, so I sot up. You may ask why I hadn't a fire? I'll tell you why. Fust, thar wan't a stick o' timber within ten mile of me; and, secondly, if thar had been, I dasen't a made a fire. I war travellin' as bad a bit o' Injun ground as could be found in all the country, and I'd seen Injun sign two or three times that same day. It's true thar war a good grist o' buffler chips about tol'ably dry, and I mout have made some sort o' a fire but for that; an' at last I *did* make a fire arter a fashion. I did it this a way.

Seeing that with the cussed cold I wan't agoin' to get a wink o' sleep, I gathered a wheen o' the buffler-chips. I then dug a hole in the ground with my bowie, an' hard pickin' that war; but I got through the crust at last, and made a sort o' oven about a fut, or a fut and a half deep. At the bottom I laid some dry grass and dead branches o' sage-plant, and then settin' it afire, I piled the buffler-chips on top. The thing burnt tol'able well, but the smoke o' the buffler-dung would a choked a skunk. As soon as it had got fairly under-way, I hunkered, an' sot down over the hole, in such a position as to catch all the heat under my blanket, an' then I was com'fable enough. Of coorse no Injun kud see the smoke arter night, an' it would a taken sharp eyes to have sighted the fire, I reckon.

Wal, sir, the critter I rode war a young mustang colt, about half-broke. I had bought him from a Mexikin at Bent's only the week afore, and it war his fust journey, leastwise with me. Of coorse I had him on the lariat; but up to this time I had kept the eend o' the rope in my hand, because I had that same day lost my picket-pin; an' thinkin' as I wan't agoin' to sleep, I mout as well hold on to it. By 'm by, however, I

begun to feel drowsy. The fire atween my legs promised to keep me from freezin', an' I thort I mout as well get a nap. So I tied the lariat round my ankles, sunk my head atween my knees, an' in the twinklin' o' a goat's tail I war sound. I jest noticed as I war goin' off, that the mustang war out some yards, nibblin' away at the dry grass o' the parairy.

I guess I must a slep about an hour, or tharabouts—I won't be sartint how long. I only know that I didn't wake o' my own accord. I wus awoke; an' when I did awoke, I still thort I war a dreamin'. It would a been a rough dream; but unfort'nately for me, it wan't a dream, but a jenwine reality. At fust, I cudn't make out what war the matter wi' me, no how; an' then I thort I war in the hands o' the Injuns, who were draggin' me over the parairy; an' sure enough I war a draggin' that a way, though not by Injuns. Once or twice I lay still for jest a second or two, an' then away I went agin, trailin' and bumpin' over the ground, as if I had been tied to the tail o' a gallopin' hoss. All the while there war a yellin' in my ears as if all the cats an' dogs of—anywhere—were arter me. Wal, sir, it war some time afore I comp'rended what all this rough usage meant. I did at last. The pull upon my ankles gave me the idea. It war the lariat that war round them. My mustang had stampeded, and war draggin' me at full gallop across the parairy!

The barkin', an' howlin', an' yelpin' I heerd, war a pack of parairy-wolves. Half famished, they had attacked the mustang, and started him. All this kim into my mind at once. You'll say it war easy to lay hold on the rope, an' stop the hoss. So it mout appear; but I kin tell you that it ain't so easy a thing. It wan't so to me. My ankles were in a noose, an' were drawn clost together. Of coorse, while I war movin' along, I couldn't get to my feet; an' whenever the mustang kim to a halt, an' I had half gathered myself, afore I kud reach the rope, away went the critter agin, flingin' me to the ground at full length. Another thing hindered me. Afore goin' to sleep, I had put my blanket on Mexikin-fashion—that is, wi' my head through a slit in the centre—an' as the drag begun, the blanket flopped about my face, an' half smothered me. Prehaps, however, an' I thort so arterward, that blanket saved me many a scratch, although it bamfoozled me a good bit.

I got the blanket off at last, arter I had made about a mile, I reckon, and then for the fust time I could see about me. Such a sight! The moon war up, an' I kud see that the ground war white with snow. It had snowed while I war asleep; but that wan't the sight—the sight war, that clost up an' around me the hul parairy war kivered with wolves—cussed parairy-wolves! I kud see their long tongues lollin' out, and the smoke steamin' from their open mouths.

Bein' now no longer hampered by the blanket, I made the best use I could o' my arms. Twice I got hold o' the lariat, but afore I kud set myself to pull up the runnin' hoss, it war jirked out o' my hand agin. Somehow or other, I had got clutch o' my bowie, and at the next opportunity I made a cut at the rope, and heerd the clean 'snig' o' the knife. Arter that I lay quiet on the parairy, an' I b'lieve I kinder sort o' fainted. 'Twan't a long faint no how; for when I got over it, I kud see the mustang about a half a mile off, still runnin' as fast as his legs could carry him, an' most of the wolves howlin' arter him. A few of these critters had gathered about me, but gettin' to my feet, I made a dash among them wi' the shinin' bowie, an' sent them everywhich way, I reckon.

I watched the mustang until he war clur out o' sight; and then I war puzzled what to do. Fust, I went back for my blanket, which I soon rekindered, an' then I follered the back-track to get my gun an' other traps whar I had camped. The trail war easy, on

account o' the snow, an' I kud see whar I had sliped through it all the way. Having got my possibles, I then tuk arter the mustang, and follered for at least ten miles on his tracks, but I never see'd that mustang agin. Whether the wolves hunted him down or not, I can't say, nor I don't care if they did, the scarey brute! I see'd thar feet all the way arter him in the snow, and I know'd it wan't no use follering further. It war plain I war put down on the parairy, so I bundled my possibles, and turned head for Laramies afoot. I had a three days' walk o' it, and prehaps I didn't cuss a few.

I war right bad used. Thar wan't a bone in my body that didn't ache, as if I had been passed through a sugar-mill; and my clothes and skin were torn consid'ably. It mout a been wuss, but for the blanket an' the sprinkle o' snow that made the ground a leetle slicker. Howsomever, I got safe to the Fort, whar I war soon rigged out in a fresh suit o' buckskin an' a hoss. But I never arterward see'd a parairy-wolf within range o' my rifle, that I didn't let it into him, an', as you see, I've throwed a good when in thar tracks since then. Wagh!

TAILED MEN.

The Niam-Niams, or Ghilanes—their name signifies cannibals—form a race of men who have a great similitude with the monkey. Shorter than other negroes, they are rarely more than five feet high. They are generally ill-proportioned; their bodies are thin, and appear weak; their arms long and lank; their feet and hands larger and flatter than those of other races of men; their lower jaws are very strong and very long; their cheek-bones are high; their forehead is narrow, and falls backwards; their ears are long and deformed; their eyes small, brilliant, and remarkably restless; their nose large and flat; the mouth large; the lips thick; the teeth big and sharp, and remarkably white—they sharpen their teeth. Their hair is curly but not very woolly, short and not thick. What, however, peculiarly distinguishes this people, is the external prolongation of the vertebral column, which in every individual, male or female, forms a tail of from two to three inches long.—*Literary Gazette—Voyage au Pays des Niam-Niams*; by C. L. du Couret, sent by the French government to explore the least known parts of Africa.

DRESS OF CIRCESSIAN WOMEN.

With respect to the state-dress of the women, blue-silk is the favourite material for the robe, which is generally braided with gold or silver, and confined at the waist by a girdle similarly ornamented, fastened with a large silver or gold clasp; and if to this we add a light shawl of some gay colour, partly arranged as a turban, and partly falling in graceful folds over the neck and shoulders, with a thin muslin veil, sufficiently large to envelop the entire figure, we have the gala costume of one of the daughters of Circassia. The reader may imagine the effect of such a lovely apparition, attended, like Diana, by a favourite dog, in the midst of the charming scenery of that romantic land. If the fair vision should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell, by the colour of her trousers, whether the wearer be maid, wife, or widow: virgin white being worn by the young girls; red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron; and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord. In everything else their dress is similar, except that the hair of the young dames, instead of falling on the neck and shoulders like that of the married women, is arranged in a thick plait behind, confined at the end by a silver cord.—*Spencer's Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia*.

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